

# The Mirror

OF

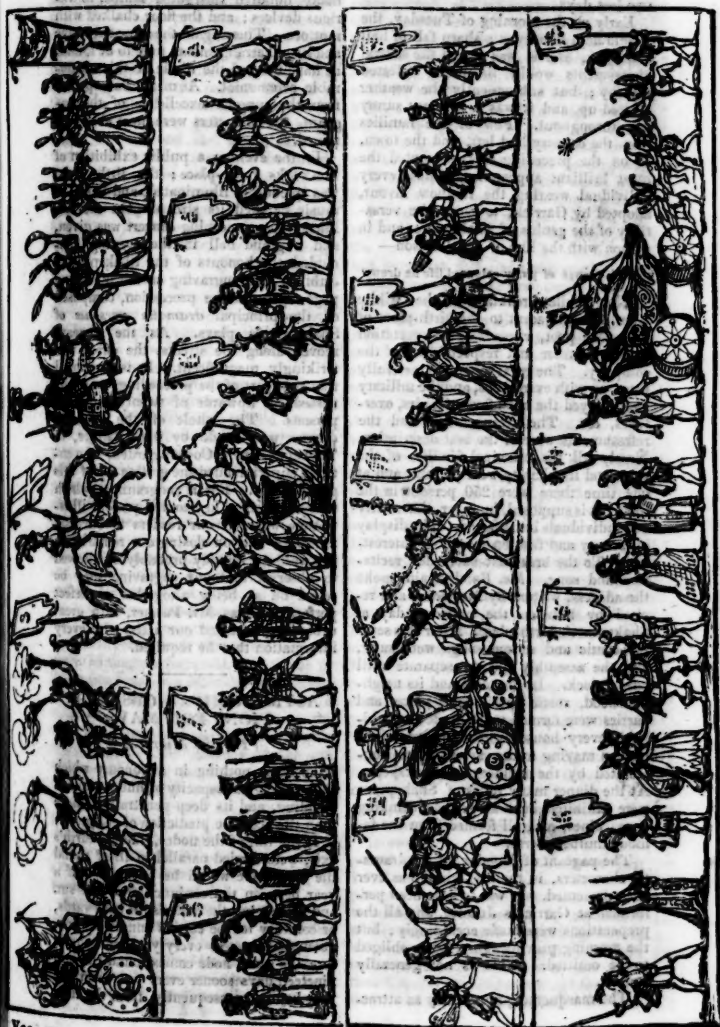
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 252.]

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1827.

[PRICE 2d.]

Shakspearian Jubilee Procession, 1827.



RESUMING our account of the festival lately held at Stratford-on-Avon, in honour of Shakspeare's natal day, we now sum up the splendid affair, by giving an engraving illustrative of a prominent feature of the gala, and concluding with a brief analysis of the proceedings of the two last days.

Early on the morning of Tuesday, the second day, there was a sharp fall of hail and snow, and it was feared the several amusements would be much affected thereby; but subsequently the weather cleared up, and it was a brilliant sunny day throughout. Few of the families from the country had left, and the town, as on the preceding day, presented the most brilliant appearance, almost every individual wearing the rainbow favour, adopted by Garrick, to show the versatility of the genius of Shakspeare, and in unison with the line of Dr. Johnson—

"Each change of party-coloured life he drew."

The public breakfast at the White Lion Inn, adjacent to the birth-place of the great poet, exceeded all expectation in the number and respectability of the company. The great room was tastefully fitted up with evergreens, and the military band played the most favourite airs, overtures, &c. The arrangements and the refreshments were of the best description. Nearly all the principal families of the town and its vicinity were present, and at one time there were 250 persons in the room; it is supposed, however, that nearly 400 individuals breakfasted. The display of beauty and fashion was most interesting. To the breakfast succeeded recitation and song. Mr. Bond again spoke the address, written by Mr. Serle, and recited by him on the previous day at Shakspeare's birth-place. After this several comic and serious songs were sung, and the assembly did not separate until one o'clock. In the town and its neighbourhood, rustic sports took place, and parties were formed to celebrate the jubilee in every house, and strangers might be seen moving to the various places consecrated by the memory of Shakspeare. At the dinner many relics of Shakspeare were exhibited, such as goblets, drinking cups, pipes, &c., all formed from the famous mulberry-tree.

The pageant of Monday, of the dramatic characters, is the first which has ever been presented. It was to have been performed at Garrick's Jubilee, and all the preparations were made accordingly; but the morning proving rainy, it was obliged to be omitted. This is not generally known.

The masquerade, apparently as attrac-

tive as any part of the festival, commenced at seven o'clock, in a spacious oblong booth, erected for the purpose, in the Rother-market, and immediately opposite the Olympic Equestrian Circus. The interior of the booth was fitted up in the most splendid style, and illuminated with many hundred variegated lamps, in various devices; and the floor chalked with mottoes. There again the same extensive and liberal arrangements were to be found, as have marked the whole of this memorable ceremonial. As might be expected from the superior excellence of the pageant, the characters were most ably sustained.

In the evening a public exhibition of fire-works took place; the little town was splendidly illuminated, and bands of music paraded its streets. On the following day a morning concert was given, and a grand ball in the evening concluded the honours of the Shakspearian Jubilee. Our engraving on the preceding page represents the procession, composed of the principal *dramatis personæ* of Shakspeare's plays. As the pageant moved along the streets, the effect was strikingly magnificent. It is supposed that this part of the proceedings was witnessed by upwards of twenty thousand persons. The whole of the splendid dresses were made by Mr. Palmer, of Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, who entirely superintended the getting-up of this grand affair. For a programme, which may serve as a key to the present illustration, we refer our readers to our last number; and on closing our remarks on this subject, we may probably be allowed to observe, that our engraving may be relied on as being altogether a perfect performance, as Mr. Palmer, with great urbanity, furnished our artist with every information that he required.

#### ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS FOR MAY.

(For the Mirror.)

THERE is nothing in astronomy which shows the great sagacity of human understanding, and its deep penetration, more than the accurate prediction of eclipses.

If the line of the nodes, like the earth's axis, were carried parallel to itself round the sun, there would be but just half a year between the conjunction of the sun and nodes; but the nodes shift backwards, or contrary to the earth's annual motion, about  $19\frac{1}{2}$  degrees every year, and therefore the same node comes round the sun nineteen days sooner every year than the year before; consequently, from the time

that the ascending node passes by the sun, as seen from the earth, it is only 173 days till the descending node passes by him; therefore, in whatever time of the year we have eclipses of the luminaries, we may be sure that in about 173 days afterwards we shall have corresponding eclipses about the other node. Place a marble and an apple at a considerable distance from each other, which will represent the earth and sun; then place a hoop round the marble, to represent the monthly orbit of the moon. Now if a thread be extended from the apple to the marble, whenever a pea, or other small object, to represent the moon, came to that part of the hoop crossed by the thread, the apple would be eclipsed; and if the marble, or earth, were stationary, whenever there was an eclipse of the sun at a new moon, there would be a lunar eclipse at the ensuing full moon, the thread being supposed to pass through the opposite point of the hoop; but the earth in that time will have proceeded about one twenty-fourth part of her annual orbit, and will not be at the place where the thread passes through the opposite point of the hoop till 173 days afterwards.

At this rate the nodes shift through all the signs of the ecliptic in 18 years and 225 days, in which there would always be a regular period of eclipses, if any complete number of lunations were finished without a fraction; but this never happens; for if both sun and moon should start from a line of conjunction with either of the nodes, in any point of the ecliptic, the sun would perform eighteen annual revolutions, and 222 degrees over and above; and the moon 230 lunations, and 85 degrees of the 231st, by the time the node came round the same point of the ecliptic; so that the sun would then be 136 degrees from the node, and the moon 85 degrees from the sun. But in 223 mean lunations, after the sun, moon, and nodes have been once in a line of conjunction, they return so nearly to the same state again, as that the same node which was in conjunction with the sun and moon at the beginning of the first of these lunations, will be within 28 m. 12 s. of a degree of a line of conjunction with the sun and moon again, when the last of these lunations is complete, and therefore in that time there will be a regular period of eclipses, or return of the same eclipses, for many ages.

In this period, which was first discovered by the Chaldeans, there are 18 Julian years, 11 days, 7 hours, 43 minutes, 20 seconds, when the last day of February in leap year is four times included; but when it is five times included the period

X 2

consists of one day less; consequently, if to the mean time of any eclipse, either of the sun or moon, this period is added, you will have the mean time of the return of the same eclipse. But the falling back of the line of conjunction 28 m. 12 s. with respect to the line of the nodes in every period, will wear out in process of time, and after that it will not return again in less than 12,492 years.

Those eclipses of the sun which happen about the ascending node, and begin to come in at the north pole of the earth, will go a little southerly at each return till they go quite off the earth; and those which happen about the descending node, and begin to come in at the south pole, will at each return go a little north, and finally leave the earth at the north pole.

I shall select the one of 1820 for an example:—That eclipse, after traversing the voids of space from the creation, at last began to fall upon the earth, near the south pole, A. D. 1154; every one of the above mentioned periods it advanced more northerly, until, on the 30th of April, 1692, it began to touch the southern part of England about two in the afternoon, the centre then rising in the south sea, traversing the continent of South America, crossing the Atlantic into Africa, and setting near the Red Sea. Its visible returns were 1st of June, 1676, when four digits were eclipsed at London about nine in the morning;—in 1694, in the evening;—4th of July, 1730, when the sun was seen at London above half eclipsed just after sunrise;—14th of July, 1748;—5th of August, 1766, in the evening, when about four digits were eclipsed;—28th of August, 1802, early in the morning;—and 7th of September, 1820. It will be no more visible till the 10th of October, 1874. In 1892 the sun will go down eclipsed at London; and November 13th, 1928, the track of the centre will be in void space, though two digits will be eclipsed at London. In the year 2090, the whole penumbra will pass by the earth without touching it. But in 12,492 years, it would return again as at first, if the present order of things were to continue.

Dr. Halley observes, concerning the degree of darkness during that of 1748—“It was such, that one might have expected to have seen many more stars than I find were seen at London. The three planets, Jupiter, Mercury, and Venus, were all that were seen by the gentlemen of the society, from the top of their house, where they had a free horizon; and I do not hear that any one in town saw more than Capella and Aldebaran, of the fixed stars. I forbear to particularise the chill

and damp which attended this eclipse, of which most spectators were sensible; as also the concern that appeared in all sorts of animals, at the extinction of the sun which we ourselves could not behold without some sense of horror."

There will not in England be so great an eclipse as that of 1820 until 1836, and there will not be another of such magnitude visible at Greenwich for eleven years afterwards; both of these are annular. The first falls on Sunday, the 15th of May, 1836; the greatest obscuration at Greenwich will be at 3 h. 18 m. 41 s. afternoon meantime, or 3 h. 22 m. 37 s. solar or apparent time, when the sun will be eclipsed 10 digits and 23 minutes. The other happens on Saturday, the 9th of October, 1847. The greatest darkness at Greenwich at 7 h. 26 m. 53 s. morning meantime, or 7 h. 39 m. 23 s. solar time, when the sun will be obscured 11 digits and 2 minutes. This will be annular, very near, if not actually at Greenwich. There will also be an annular eclipse eleven years later. This phenomenon will take place on Monday, the 15th of March, 1858; the greatest obscuration at Greenwich will be at 0 h. 59 m. 47 s. meantime, the sun being eclipsed 11 digits and 41 minutes. This eclipse will make the nearest approach to a total eclipse of any that will happen in this country for a great number of years. It will be central and annular in Warwickshire, Northamptonshire, Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, and Norfolk, and in these and some of the adjoining counties, two or three of the principal fixed stars may perhaps be seen. The light of the sun is, however, so intense, that even though 999 parts of his disc were covered, out of a thousand, yet the remaining 1,000th part would emit as much light as 300 full moons.

The sun enters *Gemini* on the 21st, at 9 h. 9 m. afternoon.

The moon comes to an opposition with the sun on the 11th, when she is eclipsed to the extent of 11.8 digits, or nearly total, but as she will be below the horizon at the time, it cannot be visible in this part of the globe.

Mercury arrives at his greatest western elongation on the third, when he may be seen a little before sunrise in 16 deg. of *Aries*.

Jupiter is still in a good position for evening observation, being not yet far removed from his nearest approach to the earth; he is visible when the stars first begin to appear in the evening and continues so till they are lost again in the morning twilight; he comes to his highest place in the heavens on the 1st, at 9 h. 51 m. and on the 31st at 7 h. 43 m.

There are only four visible eclipses of his first satellite this month.

On the 4th, at 11 h. 39 m. 10 s. evening.  
 — 12th, at 1 h. 33 m. 30 s. morning.  
 — 20th, at 9 h. 56 m. 30 s. evening.  
 — 27th, at 11 h. 50 m. 58 s. —

PASCHE.

## SONNET TO NIGHT.

(For the Mirror.)

SEASON of calm repose, whose silent power  
 Steals o'er creation's bounds, and reigns supreme,  
 I gladly hail the oft-returning hour  
 That hastes thee on to shroud the solar beam.  
 Then let the gay their giddy course pursue,  
 Uncheck'd by Wisdom's mild and genial ray,  
 But Meditation will rejoice to view  
 Her kindred scene, and own its placid sway.  
 Far o'er th' ethereal space, each radiant train,  
 Uncheck'd by Wisdom's mild and genial ray,  
 Sings with its sister orbs their Maker's praise;  
 And as the wanderer seeks the lonely plain,  
 Enraptur'd much, and lost in Fancy's maze,  
 With ardent search, his philosophic eye  
 Roves thro' the hidden stores of vast immensity.

BETA.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

### ON THE REMAINS OF STONEHENGE.

SIR,—Your columns never contained a subject of greater wonder, nor a greater riddle, than the extraordinary remains of Stonehenge;\* and in the present advanced state of topographical and antiquarian knowledge, I feel a pleasure that the judicious selections of the *MIRROR* extend alike to all objects of interest and study.

As *Stonehenge* is a mystery, and ever will be one, every antiquary entertains his own opinions, both as to its date, its purport, and etymology. Your correspondent, *Antiquarius*, supposes it to have been erected about 420 years before the Roman invasion. I am not aware of any ground for such a precise conclusion, and in all probability it was many centuries previous to that period. Monuments of stone circles have existed for ages in Persia. They are mentioned by Homer—as in the shield of Achilles, the elders of a nation are represented sitting in a ring on stones in a sacred place:

οἱ δὲ γερωνίες

Εἶα' ἐπὶ ἑστότοις λίθοις περὶ κέκλιον.

*Iliad*, lib. 18.

Stone circles are mentioned in the Old Testament; and the result of these analogies must be a much earlier date to Stonehenge than 420 years before Cæsar's visit to these shores.

\* Engraving and description of Stonehenge, *Mirror*, No. 249, p. 206.

I am not aware that the term of *Choir Gaur* can be fixed by your correspondent as being a new name given to Stonehenge by the Belgæ. The Belgæ had the same creed, and the temples would have continued in all their imposing solemnities. *Choir Gaur* is thus defined in the *Phœnicion*—Choir, the concha marina, and Gaur, an assemblage of people. The concha, or circle within circle, very well applies to Stonehenge—whence the choir, the sanctum of our cathedrals. Nor can I agree that Stonehenge implies stone fallows; but on being translated, refers to its holy use in former times. The etymology I shall venture at some future period.

There are, however, conjectural opinions. It is evident that a temple of great celebrity existed among the Hyperboreans, the fame of which was known in other climes; and from the magnitude of Stonehenge and Abury, it is probable that these relics existed in their splendour long before the date to which *Antiquarius* alludes.

As a geologist and Rambler through the Isle of Purbeck, as well as a visiter to Stonehenge, I can assure *Antiquarius* that the masses of which this temple was formed were never brought from Purbeck. This I advance as a positive fact, and capable of proof. The Purbeck material is of a very different nature; and Stonehenge is of the same kind of stone as many masses that are frequently to be seen lying scattered over the country, and are commonly called gray weathers; while the Purbeck is the volite formation.

JONATHAN OLDBUCK.

#### CHICKWEED.

(For the Mirror.)

"Come, buy my chickweed for your pretty birds."

THIS humble plant is well known to bird-fanciers; and though looked upon as a lowly weed, yet it has properties which prove the protecting hand of nature for its preservation. This plant is found wild in most parts of the world. It is annual, and flowers almost through the whole year. Dr. Withering says, "That it grows almost in all situations, from damp and almost boggy woods, to the driest gravel-walks in gardens; but in these various states its appearances are very different; so that those who have only taken notice of it as garden chickweed would hardly know it in woods, where it sometimes exceeds half a yard in height, and has leaves near two inches long, and more than one inch broad. In its truly wild state, in damp woods and

hedge bottoms, with a northern aspect, it has almost always ten stamens; but in drier soils and sunny exposures, the stamens are usually five or three. The flowers are upright, and open from nine in the morning till noon; but if it rains, they do not open. After rain they become pendant; but in the course of a few days rise again. It is a remarkable instance of the sleep of plants; for every night the leaves approach in pairs, including within their upper surfaces the tender rudiments of the new shoots; and the uppermost pair but one, at the end of the stalk, is furnished with longer leaf-stalks than the others, so that they can close upon the terminating pair, and protect the end of the branch. The young shoots and leaves, when boiled, are similar to spinach, and are equally wholesome. It is a grateful food to small birds and young chickens. It was formerly used for medical purposes, and Dr. Lewis has described its virtues.

P. T. W.

#### THE MAIDEN FROM AFAR.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

(For the Mirror.)

As soon as in a lonely vale  
The lark's first note was heard,  
Where harmless shepherds told their tale,  
A gentle maid appear'd.

From whence she came no soul could tell;  
And when she bade adieu,  
No cotter of the peaceful dell  
Knew where she wander'd to.

She smil'd—and every heart was glad,  
Each nosom free from pain;  
She frown'd—and every mien was sad,  
Until she smil'd again.

She brought the choicest fruits and flowers  
With her from time to time;  
Companions of her happy hours,  
Rear'd in a milder clime.

And old and young were sure to get  
Some mark of her good will;  
A fragrant rose or violet,  
Or fruit more fragrant still.

With cheerful look and beaming eye  
She welcom'd every guest;  
But when a loving pair drew nigh,  
That pair she most caren'd.

J. E. S.

#### VOLUMINOUS WRITERS.

(For the Mirror.)

WE are told that Epicurus left behind him three hundred volumes of his own works, all original, for Aulus Gellius, quoting Varro, says, that there was not a citation among them. Didymus, the grammarian, wrote no less than four

thousand! Origen wrote six thousand treatises. Plutarch wrote above one hundred and fifty treatises, of which we have no remains. Lord Hailes, in one of his tracts, says, his reading was, at least, equal to his judgment. His works are treated with a sort of traditional respect, by persons, who possibly knew him merely as a biographical compiler, so that one can hardly venture, even in this free age, to speak freely of him. But if a father of the church, or a modern antiquary, had written professed dissertations on the following subjects, what should we have said of his genius, or of the manner in which he chose to employ himself, and edify the public? Lord Hailes quotes the following ridiculous questions, which the reader will find gravely discussed in Plutarch's *Morals*:

"Why do the Roman women salute their relations with a kiss?—Why does a man, returning from the country, or from a journey, send before to advertise his wife of his return?" It has been suggested to me, that it is to tell her to get dinner ready; but Plutarch assigns four reasons for the custom, and *that* is none of them. "Whether ought he, who gives an entertainment, to place his guests at table, or to suffer them to place themselves?—Which was first, a hen or an egg?—Why are women very long in getting drunk?—Why are men, when half-drunk, more restless and disorderly than when they become quite intoxicated?—Why are there many guests invited to a wedding dinner?—Why is no faith to be given to dreams in autumn?—Is it inconsistent with the good manners that ought to be observed at a symposium, for a man to fall asleep before he gets drunk?"

In Weber's *Northern Antiquities*, is to be found the following instance of literary application, which taking all circumstances into consideration, is perhaps without parallel:—Hans Sack was born in Nuremburg, in the year 1494; he was taught the trade of a shoemaker, and acquired a bare rudimental education, reading and writing; but being instructed by the master-singers of those days in the praiseworthy art of poetry, he at fourteen began the practice, and continued to make verses, and shoes, and plays, and pumps, boots and shoes, until the seventy-seventh year of his age. At this time he took an inventory of his poetical stock in trade, and found, according to his own narrative, that his works filled 32 folio volumes! all written with his own hand; and consisted of 4,200 mastership songs, 208 comedies, tragedies, and farces, (some of which

are extended to seven acts;) 1,700 fables, tales, and miscellaneous poems; and 73 devotional, military, and love songs; making a sum total of 6,048 pieces, great and small; out of these we are informed he culled as many as filled three massy folios, which were published in the years 1556-61; and another edition being called for, he increased this to six volumes folio, by an abridgement of his other works.

F. R. Y.

*My Common-Place Book,*  
No. XVIII.

A VISIT TO THE LAKES OF  
ULLSWATER AND WINDER-  
MERE, IN 1826.

(For the Mirror.)

A REGION of mountains alone possesses sufficient interest to excite very strong emotions in an inhabitant of a low country—the majestic grandeur of these surprising inequalities of the earth, strikes the mind of such a spectator with an intense feeling of awe; but when the embellishment of beautiful scenery is moreover added—when besides the mere outline, the smaller features of the picture possess all the charms proceeding from an harmonious commingling of wood and water, with the accidental effect which their colouring receives from sudden transitions of those pretty accompaniments of the scene, lights and shadows, the rapture of the beholder may then be said to be complete. It was on a morning singularly favourable for such enjoyment, in the early part of the spring or last year, that I set out from the pleasant town of Penrith, along the winding vale of Emont, watered by the Dacre, a lively and sparkling little stream. The blue tops of the hills, and the jagged summit of the mountain called the Saddle-back, became plainer to the view as I advanced, their forms and aspects ever-varying as the passing clouds subjected portions of them to the alternate changes of sunshine or shade. Two roads present themselves, the right leading to Keswick, and the left to Ullswater, the latter of which I took. A short ride brought me to Dacre Castle, situated in a small park, at one end to which the river, I have just mentioned, pursued a broken course over a very rocky bed; on it is a pretty bridge of rough unhewn lime-stone; a mile further brought me to a hill commanding a view of the lake, reposing in an almost unruffled calmness; a small plantation of larches and Scotch-firs occupied its margin at my feet. Two roads again di-



verged from this point, both following the shores of the lake. I went on the road to Ambleside, situated at the extremity of Windermere, following the peaceful waters of Ullswater for two miles. I ascended into a wood, the trees were thinly scattered on the lake-side, and through them the bold fronts of the opposite fells project into its very bosom, their rocky sides grey and crumbling "from the effects of a thousand storms" where the eagles have dwelt for ages in undisturbed quietness. Some of the lower parts are cultivated, and white cottages snugly placed under the secure shelter of the projecting crags. Gowerbarrow Park and its four-towered hunting lodge, Lyulph's Tower, is soon reached. Herds of fallow deer bound across the lawns and through the thickets. Forests of oak there flourish, many of them in the pride of youthful vigour, but most in the decay of aged majesty. A deep glen through which a torrent called Airey Force, has worked its gradual but resistless course (except where huge masses of rock have successfully resisted the impetuous stream, forming thereby a succession of waterfalls) from its mountain origin is half a mile to the right, embosomed in native wood; a wooden bridge is thrown across the greatest fall, where I gazed on the glancing waters thundering into the abyss beneath in dizzy wonder. It is said that the large red deer once abounded in the park, and in Martindale Forest, in great numbers, but I was told that species is now nearly extinct. Pursuing my journey, after having ascended the top of the hill to enjoy a more extensive survey of the higher reaches of the lake, I passed under the cliffs of cloud-capt Helvellyn, or then rather snow-capt, as in consequence of the earliness of the season, the venerable head of that mountain was, to borrow the whimsical expression of a friend, still enveloped in his winter night-cap of an unsullied whiteness. Further on, the lake winds round Place Fell. From a point of land stretching out a short distance, a magnificent view is unfolded down the lake, varied by the forms of the mountains, some sweeping from its surface in smoothness, while others assume a most precipitous boldness of outline. The next place is the scattered village of Patterdale, with its mountain chapel and solitary old yew tree. A stream here issued from the lake, which having crossed, I proceeded towards Ambleside, five miles from thence over a mountainous range called the Kirkstones, many torrents rushing through their rocky channels, crossed the road in several

places. Their hoarse sounds struck upon my ear with a singular distinctness, produced by the universal drowsiness of the scene around, now and then varied only by the scream of the plover suddenly almost from under your horse's feet. The summit of these hills attained, a steep descent, from which the head of Windermere is seen, conducts you to the pleasant village of Ambleside, on the top of that lake, inclining to the eastern side; two rivers are seen issuing from it, fertile valleys, rich farms, cottages, and natural groves extend along the borders, being an agreeable contrast to the almost entirely uncultivated shores of Ullswater. Mountains appeared majestically above, and the sails of many boats floating on the liquid element, added greatly to the enchantment of the view. The scenery of Windermere delights and captivates, whilst that of Ullswater astonishes the senses.

In pursuing the road on the eastern side of the former, an immense expanse of water appears, extending to the right and left, in some places swelling into spacious bays fringed with luxuriant trees. The higher parts of the mountains are clothed with shrubs and coarse vegetation, intermixed with grey rocks; yews and hollies are the most common. Their dark foliage agreeing well with the sombre colouring on the hill-sides. To enjoy the views to perfection, it is necessary to embark on the lake in a boat. If you embark, as I did, from the snug little village of Newby Bridge, the views as you proceed upwards gradually unfold new charms, land-locked bays, verdant promontories with a number of gentlemen's seats; their grounds and picturesque boat-houses, with the hanging wood behind, present pictures on which the eye is delighted to dwell. The Ambleside Mounts are in your front at the top of the lake, these stationed in awful grandeur, and whose forms have been preserved with little alteration by the hand of time, for ages long gone by. The water is as clear as crystal, and numberless shoals of the finny tribe (so delightful to the angler's eye) are distinctly seen. The fishing commences about the middle of May. Pike, perch, trout, and the chub, peculiar to Windermere and Leath's Wave only, are the most common. Besides the sports of shooting and angling, there is another kind, almost exclusively followed in that country, that of hunting the fowl-mart, in the Lancashire dialect, *foomurt*, or pole-cat. There is a species of hound kept entirely for that purpose, a small rough breed, and rather slow.

Everybody, from the squire to the peasant, is warmly attached to foot-must hunting. The rocky nature of the ground on which the animal is pursued, renders horseback impracticable. The hounds follow the scent or *drague* in full cry, pursuing it fifteen, twenty, or even thirty miles, till the retreat of the vermin is discovered, as is generally the case in some hole in the rocks. Then another description of labour commences; the neighbourhood is soon up in arms, and furnished with pick-axes, crow-bars, &c. they proceed to break up the rock, often a work of many hours before they can penetrate the little animal's strong hold; but such is their enthusiasm in the task, that they never relax their exertions till they have accomplished his destruction.

E. J. H.

## The Novelist.

No. CI.

### THE PILGRIM.

THE fire in Madame St. Orval's parlour threw its red light on her mirthful children, who were seated around it, enjoying the sports of Christmas eve, so congenial to the youthful breast, when a few raps at the street door as if with a good stout stick, silenced, and not a little alarmed the cheerful group. The maid servant presently appeared, and announced, that a "man desired to know if he could be accommodated with a bed, for charity's sake, that night." Now the night was bleak and stormy, and certainly appeared more so, contrasted with the fire and the snug warm room. "Show him in," said madame, and in two minutes, a tall handsome youth in pilgrim's attire, made one at the pleasant fireside; he apologized in pure and elegant French, for the intrusion, but said that he was on a pilgrimage to our lady of Loretto, and could not proceed on such a night. Madame St. Orval requested him to refrain from apologies, and said she was very happy to have it in her power to offer him shelter, and then quitted the room to give a few necessary orders. Upon her return, she found the stranger in high favour with all her family; the little ones requested him to sing, but he politely declined this request, and they were contented with hearing him recount such a set of droll stories, that Madame St. Orval and her eldest daughter, Emilie, had nearly expired with laughter.

After the departure of the children, the conversation took a literary turn, and the ladies were astonished at the learn-

ing, pure taste, elegant discrimination, and amiable sentiments of the pilgrim; a vein however of youthful romance, and knightly gallantry, were observable in his discourse; while the melody and beautiful inflexions of his voice, like a stream of pure and subtle music, ravished the heart. Reader! didst thou ever feel the fascination of a voice? hast *thine* heart been sensible to the enchantment of tone? If so, thou wilt agree with me, that the converse of one who has a voice so fraught with music, is above all personal beauty. The pilgrim, in the course of the evening, mentioned, as his acquaintances, the names of many Parisian nobles, with most of whom he found Madame St. Orval had once been acquainted, which finally obliged her to declare to him her present circumstances; briefly, she *had* moved in the first metropolitan circles, but her husband dying greatly involved, had obliged her to retire from Paris, to the seclusion and comparative poverty in which her guest beheld her. The youth was too humane to press the subject, and changing it as soon as possible, the happy coterie sat conversing till the tolling of a distant convent bell, for the midnight service, warned them that Christmas Eve was no more.

There is in this world a description of persons whom we may know for years; and yet never become acquainted with; and there is a species of angel beings with whom the converse of half an hour is sufficient to make us allies for ever! and thus it was with the pilgrim, his hostess, and her fair daughter. Which of the trio experienced the greatest regret in parting for the night, it is impossible to determine; yet it may suffice to declare that poor Emilie could not close her eyes, from the confusion that her ideas were in; the face, the figure, the garb, the conversation, and above all, the delicious voice of the pilgrim, glanced constantly and confusedly on her mind, like so many bright and ever fluctuating colours; her room adjoined that which was appropriated to the pilgrim, and she heard him pace up and down with hasty steps, apparently as little inclined to rest as herself. After awhile he began to sing in a low tone, a plaintive but well known romance, and then suddenly changing to a new and exquisite air, chanted in a higher voice, the following stanzas:—

BREAKING! breaking! Day, thou'rt breaking,  
And I have not slumber'd yet;  
But the blessed hours of waking,  
Never will my soul forget.  
Now the pilgrim's staff I hold,  
Tongue be silent, breast be cold!



Breaking! breaking! heart, thou'rt breaking  
For a bright one, too divine;  
I my weary steps am taking

From her! can she e'er be mine?

Oh! the pilgrim's staff I hold,  
Tongue be silent, breast be cold!

Breaking! breaking! spears are breaking

In the field, where I should be;

Soon the pilgrim's staff forsaking

Sweet! my lance shall ring for thee!

Yet until that lance I hold

Tongue be silent, breast be cold!

Emilie listened for more, but no more came, she sighed, she knew not wherefore; and felt disappointed, she did not know why, and when she slept it was only to dream of the sweetest song she ever heard, sung by youths more lovely than she had ever before beheld.

In the morning, the maid servant entered the room: "Mademoiselle, before the gentleman went, he desired me to give this to you;" presenting a small packet.

"And is he gone?" exclaimed Emilie.

"Dear me, yes! nearly two hours ago."

"Indeed! but Jeanette, you need not wait."

With slow steps Jeanette retired, and the Demoiselle, on opening the packet, was charmed to behold a beautiful ring; it was of pure gold, studded with precious stones, and a ruby rose of exquisite workmanship glowed in the middle; but oh! more precious than all, these words were written on the paper that enclosed it, "*What my tongue cannot, this may declare.*" Emilie was in a perfect ecstasy, for this sentence so exactly agreed with the romance of the preceding night, that (with a conceit quite excusable) she now doubted not as to who was the pilgrim's lady-love. This certainty, and this joy however, were a little damped by her mother's sober remark, "that she considered the little present as a very delicate mode of expressing a *gratitude*, which the stranger had neither time nor opportunity to tender *visa voce*."

Many months elapsed, during which the ladies neither saw nor heard of the pilgrim, and Emilie's golden dreams vanished, though she by no means forgot the circumstances of his visit. At this period the affairs of Madame St. Orval, were a yet more sombre aspect; debts which she had no idea her late husband had contracted, were claimed; to aid in their payment her little pittance was lessened, and herself and family nearly reduced to starvation; her friend the Abbess of Les Sœurs de Miséricorde, who possessed a convent at a pretty village near Paris, offered, at this juncture, to

support Emilie, free of expense, till she professed, if, after that period she would assist in the education of those children and young persons who were sent to the house for instruction. The filial affection of Mademoiselle St. Orval overcame those feelings of repugnance to a monastic life, so natural to her years, and she entered the convent with far less sorrow than she had apprehended. A short residence therein, convinced her that the abbess was kind, the nuns kinder, and Henrietta Douville, a young boarder of distinction, kindest of all; this lady sought her regard most assiduously, and obtained it: she was sprightly, seemed sincere, and somehow at times reminded Emilie so strongly of the pilgrim, that, in short, she was irresistible, and the whole story of the stranger, the song, the ring, and the motto, was related to, and indeed after awhile, the two latter shewn her; for this Henrietta bantered Emilie so amazingly, and so long, that she heartily blamed herself for imprudently making the disclosure, and more heartily still, when Mademoiselle Douville, on quitting the convent about three weeks prior to Emilie's taking the veil, fairly carried off the pilgrim's precious gift; sorry as the poor novice was for the loss of the trinket, she was more grieved at considering that she could never again regard Henrietta as a friend. About two days previous to the awful ceremony which was to exclude her from the world for ever, a nun entered her cell with a note; it was from Mademoiselle Douville, expressed in the most affectionate terms, and requesting to see her immediately in the visitor's parlour; Emilie pleased with Henrietta's repentance, for she doubted not but that she was come to restore the ring, granted her desire, and on entering the room was astonished to see three strangers, two knights and a lady, besides her friend, but they had their backs to her. Mademoiselle expressed great delight at the meeting, and at length begged permission to introduce her father; one of the knights stepped forward and greeted her in the most endearing manner; then the lady turned, and Emilie rushed into her mother's arms. "Do I need an introduction?" said the other knight, advancing, and raising his beaver. Oh! the voice was sufficient, that exquisite voice which had come to one fond girl's spirit, in the stillness of morn, in the stir of mid-day, and in the deep silence of the dead dull night! One glance was sufficient also, and the astonished Emilie beheld before her the pilgrim, in all his proud beauty, and with his eyes glittering for

joy. "Will you vouchsafe," said he, "a favourable reception to an old friend?" at the same time presenting the valued ring, within which the cherished motto was now engraved. "Oh? that ring," cried Henrietta, "when I have told you all, I trust you will pardon me for the theft of it; at present you will make preparations to quit this convent immediately; as for you Charles—but I can't talk to you now; come Emilie we've no time to lose;" and she pulled the bewildered girl out of the room, while Madame St. Orval followed. Emilie's heart was full, she felt as if her senses would leave her, till, in her little cell, a burst of tears relieved a bosom overwrought with amaze and joy. "My dearest child," said the kind mother, "thanks to the father of all, our difficulties are removed; your father's executor, M. Triquet, is a villain." "Who discovered that?" cried Emilie. "The young Chevalier Douville," replied Madame, "the story is intricate, but let it suffice, that through the unabated exertions of that admirable young man, his forgeries have been detected, and instead of a weighty debt to him, he owes us a very considerable sum." "And did the pilgrim discover this; and how; and why?" "Because," replied Henrietta, "my brother thought proper to discover that you —." "Brother? Henrietta, your brother?—Oh! if you had but told me so; why did you not?" "Why, between your communications and his letters, I had found out your pilgrim, *incognito*, he gave me strict orders to keep the secret; and to steal the ring; don't you see how I've been burning to speak, but as poor Charles turned pilgrim on my account, (after my recovery from a dangerous illness) I thought I must humour him in a trifle; you must know, my dear, that he deemed it a knightly feat, becoming a wife-seeking chevalier, to set upon that hydra, M. Triquet; well, he has conquered him, and will no doubt demand his reward of you, presently in due form." Poor Emilie was greatly agitated, but at length with the assistance of her mother and friend, completed her preparations, and again entered the parlour. Shall we proceed? No! for the enthusiasm of youth glowing with the most beautiful and noble of all fervors, is to be felt, not described; nor can such be understood, but by those whose own feelings have taught them what it is. Therefore we will but observe, that the pilgrim for his reward, sued not in vain, that the ring was worn by his lady to the day of her death, and is now preserved, with the

original MS. of the *Chevalier Pilgrim's Song*, by a branch of the family residing at Abbeville. M. L. B.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### MAY-DAY.

#### MOUNT PLEASANT.

MOUNT PLEASANT! well indeed dost thou deserve the name, bestowed on thee, perhaps, long ago, not by any one of the humble proprietors, but by the general voice of praise, all visitors being won by thy cheerful beauty. For from that shaded platform, what a sweet vision of fields and meadows, knolls, braes, and hills, uncertain gleamings of a river, the smoke of many houses, and glittering, perhaps, in the sunshine, the spire of the House of God! To have seen Adam Morrison, the elder, sitting with his solemn, his austere Sabbath-face, beneath the pulpit, with his expressive eyes fixed on the preacher, you could not but have judged him to be a man of a stern character and austere demeanour. To have seen him at labour on the working-days, you might almost have thought him the serf of some tyrant-lord, for into all the toils of the field he carried the force of a mind that would suffer nothing to be undone that strength and skill could achieve; but within the humble porch of his own house, beside his own board, and his own fireside, he was a man to be kindly esteemed by his guests, by his own family tenderly and reverently beloved. His wife was the comeliest matron in the parish, a woman of active habits and a strong mind, but tempering the natural sternness of her husband's character with that genial and jocund cheerfulness, that of all the lesser virtues is the most efficient to the happiness of a household. One daughter only had they, and I could charm my own heart even now by evoking the vanished from oblivion, and imaging her over and over again in the light of words; but although all objects, animate and inanimate, seem always tinged with an air of sadness when they are past,—and as at present I am determined to be cheerful—obstinately to resist all access of melancholy—an enemy to the pathetic—and a scorner of sheddens of tears—therefore let Mary Morrison rest in her grave, and let me paint a pleasant picture of a May-Day afternoon, and enjoy it as it was enjoyed of old, beneath that stately Sycamore, with the grand-

# sonant name of THE GLORY OF MOUNT PLEASANT.

There, under that murmuring shadow, round and round that noble stem, there used on MAY-DAY to be fitted a somewhat fantastic board, all deftly arrayed in home-spun drapery, white as the patches of unmelted snow on the distant mountain-head; and on various seats,—stumps, stones, stools, creepies, forms, chairs, armless and with no spines, or high-backed and elbowed, and the carving-work thereof most intricate and allegorical,—took their places, after much formal ceremony of scraping and bowing, blushing and curtseying, old, young, and middle-aged, of high and low degree, till in one moment all were hushed by the minister shutting his eyes, and holding up his hand to ask a blessing. And “well worthy of a grace as lang’s a tether,” was the MAY-DAY meal spread beneath the shadow of the GLORY OF MOUNT PLEASANT. But the minister uttered only a few fervent sentences—and then we all fell to the curds and cream. What smooth, pure, bright burnished beauty on those horn-spoons! How apt to the hand the stalk—to the mouth how apt the bowl! Each guest drew closer to his breast the deep broth-plate of delft, rather more than half full of curds, many million times more deliciously desirable even than blanch-mange, and then filled up to the very brim with a blessed outpouring of creamy richness, that tenaciously descended from an enormous jug, the peculiar expression of whose physiognomy, particularly the nose, I will carry with me to the grave! The dairy at MOUNT PLEASANT consisted of twenty cows—almost all spring calvers, and of the Ayrshire breed—so you may guess what cream! The spoon could not stand in it—it was not so thick as that, for that is too thick—but the spoon, when placed upright in any depth of it, retained its perpendicularity for a moment, and then, when uncertain towards which side to fall, was grasped by the hand of a delighted and wondering school-boy, and steered with its first fresh and fragrant freight into a mouth already open in astonishment. Never beneath the sun, moon, and stars, were there such oatmeal cakes, pease-scones, and barley-bannocks, as at MOUNT PLEASANT. You could have eaten away at them with pleasure, even although not hungry—and yet it was impossible of them to eat too much—manna that they were!! Seldom—seldom indeed—is butter yellow on May-day. But the butter of the guide wife of Mount Pleasant—such, and so rich was the old lea-pasture—was coloured like the crocus, before the young

thrushes had left the nest in the honey-suckled corner of the gavel-end. Not a single hair in a clump! Then what honey and what jam! The first, not heather, for that is too lucidous, especially after such cream,—but the pure white virgin honey, like dew shaken from clover,—and, oh! over a layer of such butter on such barley-bannocks, was such honey, on such a day, in such company, and to such palates, too divine to be described by such a pen as that now wielded by such a writer as I, in such a periodical! The jam! It was of gooseberries—the small black hairy ones—gathered to a very minute from the bush, and boiled to a very moment in the pan! A bannock studded with some dozen or two of such grozets was more beautiful than a corresponding expanse of heaven adorned with as many stars. The question, with the gawky and generous gudewife of Mount Pleasant, was not, “My dear Jaddie, which will ye hae—hinnny or jam?” but, “Which will ye hae first?” The honey, I well remember, was in two huge brown jugs, or jars, or crocks; the jam, in half a dozen white cans of more moderate dimensions, from whose mouths a veil of thin transparent paper was withdrawn, while, like a steam of rich distilled perfume, rose a fruity fragrance that blended with the vernal balminess or the humming Sycamore. There the bees were all at work for next May-day, happy as ever bees were on Hybla itself; and though gone now be the age of gold, happy as Arcadians were we, nor wanted our festal-day or pipe or song; for to the breath of Harry Wilton, the young English boy, the flute gave forth tones almost as liquid sweet as those that flowed from the lips of Mary Morrison, who alone, of all singers in hut or hall that ever drew tears, left nothing for the heart or the imagination to desire in any one of Scotland’s ancient melodies.

*Blackwood’s Magazine.*

## ODE FOR MUSIC.

### ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

BY THE ETTIRICK SHEPHERD.

#### *Prelude.*

O CAME ye by Dee’s winding waters,  
That rave down the Forests of Marr,  
Or over the glens of the Gordons,  
And down by the dark Loch-na-Ouar?  
For there, at the fall of the even,  
Was heard a wild woe of despair,  
As if the sweet swells of heaven  
Had mix’d with the floods of the air.

The angels in songs were bewailing

The fall of a bard in his prime:

While demons of discord were yelling

A cornucopious and sublime.

The hill, like a bay'd deer, was quaking  
The hill shook his temples of grey :  
The stars drizzled blood on the broken,  
As pour'd this dread strain from the brae.

*Chorus of Demons.*

Sound! sound  
Your anthem profound,  
Spirits of peril, unawed and unbound!  
Clamour away,  
To mortals' dismay,  
Till the Christian turn on his pillow to pray.  
Sound, Sound, &c.  
Wake up your pipe and your carol with speed,  
The pipe of the storm, and the dance of the dead:  
Light up your torches, the dark heavens under,  
The torch of the lightning, and base of the thunder!  
Roar it and revel it, riot and rumble,  
Till earth from her inmost core grovel and grumble:  
And then in deep horrors her moody front swaddle,  
Till all these dark mountains shall rock like a cradle!

*Sound, sound, &c.*

For he, the greatest of earthly name,  
Whose soul, of our own elemental flame,  
Was a shred of so bright and appalling a glow,  
As ne'er was inclosed in a frame below—  
Spirits, that energy, all in prime,  
Must join this night in our revels sublime!

Then sound, sound  
Your anthem profound,  
Spirits of peril, unawed and unbound!  
Sound overhead  
Your symphony dread,  
Till shudders the dust of the sleeping dead.

*Chorus of Angels.*

Hail, Hail,  
With harp and with vail,  
You spirit that comes on the gloaming gale!  
Sing! sing!  
Till heaven's arch ring,  
To hail the favour'd of our King.

Gray shade of Selma, where art thou sailing?  
Light from thy dim cloud, and cease thy bemoaning:

Though the greatest of all the choral throng  
That ever own'd thy harp and song,  
Hath fallen at Freedom's holy shrine,  
Yet the light of his glory for ever shall shine.  
Spirit of Ossian, cease thy bemoaning,  
Our sorrows alone not for human failing:  
But let us rejoice, that there is above  
A Father of pity, a God of love,  
Who never from erring being will crave  
Beyond what his heavenly bounty gave;  
And never was given in Heaven's order joy  
So bright a portion without an alloy.

Then hail to his rest,  
This unparallel'd guest,  
With songs that pertain to the land of the blest!  
For stars shall expire,  
And earth roll in fire,  
Ere perish the strains of his sovereign lyre.

That spirit of flame that had its birth  
In heaven, to blaze for a moment on earth.

Mid tempest thou comest, mid fervour and flame  
Thou mount to the glories from whence it came  
And there for his home of bliss shall be given  
The highest hills on the verge of heaven,  
To thrill with his strains afar and wide,  
And laugh at the fiends in the worlds aside.

Then hie thee, for shame,  
Ye spirits of blame,  
Away to your revels in thunder and flame;  
For ours the avall,  
To hallow and hail  
You spirit that comes on the gloaming gale.

Then bounding through the fields of air,  
A spirit approach'd in chariot fair,  
That seem'd from the arch of the rainbow won,  
Or beam of the red departing sun.  
A hum of melody far was shed,  
And a halo of glory around it spread;  
For that spirit came the dells to see,  
Where first it was join'd with mortality,  
Where first it breathed the inspired strain,  
And return its harp to heaven again.  
Then far above the cliffs so gray,  
This closing measure did away:  
With joint acclaim  
Let's hail the name  
Of our great Bard, whose mighty fame  
Must spread for aye,  
Ne'er to decay  
Till heaven and earth shall pass away.

*Bid.*

## The Selector;

AND

### LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

#### A RURAL SCENE.

BY MISS MARY RUSSEL MITFORD.

There's a farm  
Close by—oh, we must show it you, Sir Francis,  
Which is almost my envy. And it is  
The prettiest walk!—Through a beech-wood the  
path,

A wild, rude copse-road, winds, beneath the light  
And feathery stems of the young trees, so fresh  
In their new delicate green, and so contrasting  
With their slim, flexile forms, that almost seem  
To bend as the wind passes, with the firm  
Deep-rooted vigour of those older trees,  
And nobler,—those grey giants of the woods,  
That stir not at the tempest. Oh! that path  
Is pleasant, with its beds of richest moss,  
And tufts of fairest flowers, fragrant woodroof  
So silver white, wood-sorrel elegant,  
Or light anemone. A pleasant path  
Is that; with such a sense of freshness round us,  
Of cool and lovely light; the very air  
Has the hue of the young leaves. Downward  
the road

Winds, till beneath a beech, whose slender stem  
Seems toss'd across the path, all suddenly  
The close wood ceases, and a steep descent  
Leads to a valley, whose opposing side  
Is crown'd with answering woods; a narrow  
valley

Of richest meadow land, which creeps half up  
The opposite hill; and in the midst a farm,  
With its old ample orchard, now one flush  
Of fragrant bloom; and just beneath the wood,  
Close by the house, a rude deserted chalk-pit,  
Half full of rank and creeping plants, with briars  
And pendant roots of trees half cover'd o'er,  
Like some wild shaggy ruin. Beautiful  
To me is that lone farm. There is a peace,  
A deep repose, a silent harmony,  
Of sature and of man. The circling woods  
Shut out all human eyes; and the gay orchard  
Spreads its sweet world of blossoms, all unseen,  
Save by the smiling sky. That were a spot  
To live and die in.

*Dramatic Scenes, Sonnets, and other Poems.*

## Miscellanies.

### A SHIRT.

I ASK'D a lady—not a flirt,  
How many pieces made a shirt?  
To which, in answer, she replied—  
You'll put a piece on either side;  
Two gussets, and two shoulder-straps;  
Two waist-bands, and then, perhaps,  
You'll put two pieces on the neck.—  
My stars—of pieces here's a peck!  
I think, my lady, with your leave,  
That each arm will want a sleeve.—  
What next, my lady, will you find us?  
Two little gussets, and two binders,  
A collar, body, heart, and frill;  
And these I think your list will fill;—  
And so they'd need, I'm sure there's plenty,  
Count the number—there's just twenty.

### PULPIT HOUR-GLASSES.

(For the Mirror.)

HOUR-GLASSES, for the purpose of limiting the length of a sermon, were coeval with the Reformation, as appears from the frontispiece prefixed to the Holy Bible of the bishops' translation, imprinted by John Day, 1569, 4to. In the frontispiece, Archbishop Parker is represented with an hour-glass standing on his right hand. Clocks and watches then being but rarely in use, it was thought fit to prescribe the length of the sermons of the reformists to the time of an hour, i.e. the run of an hour-glass. This practice became generally prevalent, and continued to the time of the Revolution in 1688; the hour-glass was placed either on the side of a pulpit, or on a stand in front of it. "One whole heure-glasse," "one half-heure-glasse," occur in an inventory taken about 1632, of the goods and implements belonging to the church of All Saints, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. — *Vide Brand's History of Newcastle*, vol. ii. p. 370, notes.

Butler, in his *Hudibras*, thus alludes to these hour-glasses:—

"As gifted brethren preaching by  
A carnal hour-glass do imply."

In some churches of the metropolis, these relics of our ancestors' patience and piety remain till this day. In the church of St. Alban, Wood-street, London, on the right hand of the reading-desk, is a spiral column, on the top an enclosed square compartment with small twisted columns, arches, &c., all of brass; in which is an hour-glass in a frame of a long square form; the four sides are alike, richly ornamented with pillars, angels sounding trumpets, &c. Both ends terminate with a line of crosses, pattée, and fleur-de-lis, somewhat resembling the circle of the crown, all in raised work of brass.\*

In the churchwardens' accounts of the parish of St. Helen, Abingdon, Berkshire, 1591, is an article, "Payde for an *heure-glasse* for the pulpit, fourpence."

An hour-glass frame of iron remained fixed in the wall, by the side of the pulpit, in 1797, in the church of North Moor, Oxfordshire; and the frame of one in St. Dunstan's church, Fleet-street, which was of massive silver, was but a few years since melted down, and made into two staff-heads for the parish beadle.

Hour-glasses were made use of by the preachers in the days of Cromwell, who, on their first getting into the pulpit and naming the text, turned up the glass, and if the sermon did not last till the glass was out, it was said by the congregation that the preacher was *lasy*; and, if he continued to preach much longer, they would yawn and stretch, and by these signs signify to the preacher that they began to be weary of his discourse, and wanted to be dismissed.

In the frontispiece of a small book, entitled, "England's Shame; or a Relation of the Life and Death of Hugh Peters, by Dr. W. Young," Lond. 1663, Hugh Peters is represented preaching, and holding an hour-glass in his left hand, in the act of saying, "I know you are good fellows, so let's have another glass."

The use of the hour-glass furnished Daniel Burgess, the celebrated nonconformist preacher at the beginning of the last century, with a humorous expression, similar to the above. In a discourse which he once delivered at the conventicle in Russell-court against drunkenness, some of his hearers began to yawn at the end of the second glass; but Daniel was not to be silenced by a yawn; he turned his hour-glass, and altering the tone of his voice, desired they would be patient awhile longer, for he had much more to

\* Gentleman's Magazine, August, 1826.

say upon the sin of drunkenness; "therefore," added he, "my friends and brethren, *we will have another glass—and then!*"

G. SKEETON.

### NOTHING!

THE following letter was recently sent to a young lady at school, by her brother.

My dear Sister,

I am sorry to inform you that I have nothing to say, nothing at all. I can think of nothing, say nothing, write nothing. Pray what is nothing? Is it something or nothing. Why, nothing is nothing. Nothing is clearer than that. How do we know whether nothing is clear or muddy. But I will show that nothing is something, and therefore cannot be nothing. Nothing is a cypher, and a cypher is something, therefore nothing is something. I say nothing is a cypher. Take care you do not stand like a cypher, if you do you will stand like nothing, for nothing is a cypher. But farther, nothing is not only something, but *something besides*. Holloa! you little rogue, what are you doing there? "Nothing, Sir, nothing I assure ye." The boy was breaking windows. Here breaking windows was nothing; so that nothing is *something besides*. Again, nothing is *any* thing. For nothing is a cypher, and nothing is *something besides*. Suppose an apple. But nothing is something besides. Say a Spanish Inquisition; but nothing is still something besides, if you specify every particular you are capable of specifying. So that nothing is *any* thing. In the next place we shall demonstrate that nothing is *every* thing, for if nothing be *any* thing, it must be *every* thing. Having, I hope, satisfactorily proved to any well disposed mind, such I know your's to be, that nothing is something, any thing, and every thing, I proceed, lastly, to show that every thing is nothing. For if a simpleton be a goose, a goose is a simpleton; if a dame be a lady, a lady is a dame. Nothing plainer; and in like manner, if nothing be every thing, it follows, obviously, that every thing is nothing. You see, my dear J.—I take up my pen at the present opportunity to inform you and give you all the news I have been enabled to collect about London, its architecture, arts, civilization, commerce, &c. for inasmuch as I have said nothing about them, in so much have I said every thing. But I was afraid you would say there was nothing in my letter. I shall therefore conclude with hoping that your application and

attention at school may not all come to nothing; in short, that you make not *Much Ado About Nothing*.

Your affectionate brother. G

### THE TALLIPOT TREE.

A LEAF of this extraordinary tree has lately been brought over from the island of Ceylon, of which place it is a native, and is now in the possession of the Rev. Richard Fletcher, of Hampstead. The leaf is in a good state of preservation; it measures fully eleven feet in height, sixteen feet across its widest spread, and from thirty-eight to forty feet in circumference. If expanded as a canopy, it is sufficient to defend a dinner party of six from the rays of the sun, and in Ceylon is carried about by the natives for that purpose.

### THE BEEJAPPOOR GUN.

THIS great cannon is called Mullik-i-Mydan, or "Sovereign of the Plain;" but the natives of Beejapoor insist on calling it Moolk-i-Mydan, or "Lion of the Plain." Its muzzle is four feet eight inches in diameter; the calibre two feet four inches. It was cast at Ahmednugur, A. D. 1549, by a native of Constantinople, named Hoosein-khan. Aurungzebe put an inscription upon it to commemorate the conquest of Beejapoor in 1685, which has led to the mistake of supposing it to have been cast at that time. It is alike curious from its dimensions and its history. The Bombay Government, in 1823, was particularly desirous of sending it to the king of England, and an engineer was sent to examine it for the purpose; but the present state of the roads renders the difficulty of transporting such a large mass of metal to the coast almost insuperable.—*Duff's Maharrattas*.

### FOLLY OF IDOLATRY.

TERAH, the father of Abraham, says tradition, was not only an idolator but manufacturer of idols, which he used to expose for public sale. Being obliged to go out one day upon particular business, he desired Abraham to superintend for him; Abraham obeyed reluctantly. "What is the price of that god?" asked an old man who had just entered the place of sale, pointing to an idol to which he took a fancy. "Old man," said Abraham, "may I be permitted to ask thine age?"—"Three-score years," replied the age-stricken idolator. "Three score years!" exclaimed Abraham, "and then thou wouldst worship a thing that



has been fashioned by the hands of my father's slaves within the last twenty-four hours! Strange that a man of sixty should be willing to bow down his grey head to a creature of a day!" The man was overwhelmed with shame, and went away. After this there came a sedate and grave matron, carrying in her hand a large dish with flour. "Here," said she, "have I brought an offering to the gods; place it before them, Abraham, and bid them be propitious to me."—"Place it before them thyself, foolish woman," said Abraham, "thou wilt soon see how greedily they will devour it." She did so. In the meantime, Abraham took a hammer, broke the idols in pieces, all excepting the largest, in whose hands he placed the instrument of destruction. Terah returned, and with the utmost surprise and consternation, beheld the havoc amongst his favourite gods. "What is all this, Abraham? what profane wretch has dared to use our gods in this manner?" exclaimed the infatuated and indignant Terah. "Why should I conceal anything from my father?" replied the pious son. "During thine absence there came a woman with yonder offerings for the gods; she placed it before them. The younger gods who, as well may be supposed, had not tasted food for a long time, greedily stretched forth their hands and began to eat before the old god had given them permission. Enraged at their boldness, he rose, took the hammer, and punished them for their want of respect!"

*Medrash Bereshith Rabah.*

THE following is a list of square miles of the United States:—In Vermont, 10,237; New Hampshire, 9,491; Maine, about 40,000; Massachusetts is 6,250; Rhode Island, about 1,580; Connecticut, 4,674; New York, 45,000; New Jersey, 8,330; Pennsylvania, 46,800; Delaware, 2,120; Virginia, 70,000; North Carolina, 48,000; South Carolina, 24,080; Georgia, 62,000; Kentucky, 50,000; Tennessee, length 490 miles, breadth, 400; Ohio, 36,128.

The states of Louisiana, Indiana, Illinois, and Alabama, the number of square miles of each not ascertained. There are twenty-two States in the Union, each of which has a Legislature, which makes all the laws necessary for the government of each State distinct from that of the United States.

#### THE OHIO STATE.

THIS portion of the United States of North America affords one of the most striking instances of increase in population and wealth. Only thirty years ago

a desert, which scarcely knew the step of civilized man, it has already risen to the third rank in the order of the Union, and before this decade has passed away, will present 1,000,000 active and happy inhabitants.

Five years ago this state counted 581,434 inhabitants, and at the present time 850,000, an increase which surpasses all previous experience. Ohio sends 16 representatives and senators to the General Congress at Washington; and 78 representatives, with 36 senators, form the internal state, or the domestic legislature. Four upper and nine departmental judges administer the law; and a militia, consisting of cavalry, infantry, yeomen, &c. can station 150,000 men for the defence of the country. For this view, the state is divided into 14 divisions and 48 brigades, under the command respectively of the same number of generals. In the past year there were actually enrolled in the State-office 99,997 infantry, 3,293 cavalry, and 1,630 artillery, making a total of 104,819 men. A small part of these receive their arms from the armouries of the United States; the rest furnish themselves at their own expense. In the register of arms there appear 36,366 muskets, 2,131 pistols, 3,786 daggers and swords, 6 36-pounders, and 2 4-pounders. Yet all the trade of Ohio has flowed through the sister states, and this state has, properly speaking, no foreign commerce; its exports to the other parts of the Union consist of corn, meal, horned cattle, horses, tobacco, &c., its in-trade of the products of the southern states. Trade is increasing at an extraordinary rate, and on the completion of the canals even this rate must be accelerated.

The first of the Ohio canals is 306 miles long, and runs from Portsmouth on the Ohio to Alveland in lake Erie. The second canal, 68 miles long, runs in the direction of Dayton to Cincinnati. From 5,000 to 6,000 labourers are constantly at work on them. In 1823, three-fourths of the canals will be completed; and in 1830, the work be entirely finished. The principal navigation is on Lake Erie and the Ohio river. The chief harbours on the former are Put-in-Bay, Mansee-Bay, the towns of Sandusky, Cleveland, Fairport, and Ashtabula. During the year 1825, 286 ships and steam-vessels put into Sandusky-Bay alone. Between 40 and 50 schooners and 4 steam-vessels constantly trade on Lake Erie. The cultivation of the land is advancing with like rapidity, and is peculiarly promoted by the level character of the country. 304 post-houses carry on the quick interchange of letters.

The national capital of the state, according to the estimate under the law of 1825, amounts to 69,506,451 dollars, viz. landed estate, consisting of 15,143,309 acres, valued at 37,714,225 dollars; buildings on the land, valued at 1,549,889 dollars; property in towns, 7,321,034 dollars; 138,074 horses, valued at 5,517,810 dollars; 274,689 heads of horned cattle, 2,201,093 dollars; capitals in trade, 5,202,400 dollars. Elementary schools are established throughout the state; 13 academies, and 5 colleges, at Athens, Oxford, Western Reserve, Kenyon, and Cincinnati, promote the progress of science. Athens is exclusively devoted to theology, and Oxford to medicine; four other colleges are already incorporated, but have not yet commenced their courses. Sixty-two newspapers, of which one is daily, were published at the beginning of this year.

#### LONDON.

NOTHING can be more surprising than the contrasts presented by London to a traveller at a first view; the monotonous regularity of some quarters of this city which are quite spacious, clean and uniform; and the dirt and darkness of several others; the incredible activity of an innumerable crowd of people who are running about the streets; the sorrowful gravity which reigns on every face; the brilliancy of the illuminations at Vauxhall, and in the public gardens; the silence of that multitude of walkers, who seem to frequent balls and assemblies more with a view of making each other miserable than for amusement; the perpetual movement of an immense population on working days; the solitude and dulness which succeed on Sundays; the licentiousness of elections, the frequency of riots, the facility with which order is restored in the name of the law; the respect shown to the constituted authorities; the abuse that is lavished, and the stones thrown at men in power; the profound sentiment of civil equality; the maintenance of the most ridiculous feudal customs; the admiration accorded and unlimited honours tendered to talents and merit of every kind, and yet, an almost exclusive esteem for wealth; finally, a boundless ardour for every enjoyment, and almost an incurable ennui for all the pleasures of life. Such are only a part of the singularities which distinguish these proud islanders, a people apart from the rest of the world, and whose manners, characters, inclinations, qualities, and defects so totally differ from those of other nations, that they seem to be a separate

community amidst the great European family, and which has for many centuries retained and preserved a stamp which is distinct and indelible.

*Memoirs of Count Segur.*

#### The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

THE following notice of a *Maying* (copied from the original) was some time ago fixed to a post in a village in the county of Hants:—

Tak notes—that the mayen will Bee as yetel On saterday th 13 of May Next On this Green their Will Be An Exla May hous for Dansers Much Beter than Last Was And the Musick Will commence abot 15 in number. And to Bee on this Green to Begin Play Bersialey at 1 O clock

The May pool to Bee taken don and fresh painted Abot 5 Days Bee for Thime And on the 13 to Bee reerd Up again We am Sir The inhabentens of this Plas.

UPON the king's recovery, in 1789, the librarian and others connected with Stion College, were at a loss what device or motto to select for the illumination of the building; when the following happy choice was made by a worthy divine, from the book of Psalms:—"Stion heard of it and was glad."

A LITTLE girl hearing it said that she was born on the king's birth day, took no notice of it at the time, but in a day or two after, asked her father, if she and the king were twins.

THE merits of the amiable bishop Hume were acknowledged by men of all sects. John Wesley, who was not accustomed to speak highly of the clergy of the establishment, once observed, on seeing him pass the window of an inn, at which he was standing. "There goes a man, who had he lived in the first days of Christianity, would have been an apostle."

IT is singular that the two most admirable writers that modern Europe produced, Shakspeare and Cervantes, both died on the same day in the same year, namely, April the 23rd, 1616.

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